

at N. Weston
part of letter
Weymouth. Thursday Feb 7.
1853

Dear Deborah,

As I have not written
to you since you went away
I have a sense of duty that
prompts me to write. An obliga-
tion to our parents involves all
other duties even to the 4th gen-
eration. I began to be afraid
my days would be long in the
land unless I do. I have no
very encouraging particulars to
communicate, for I have had one
unmitigated fog since you took
your departure. First the Boston
Report kept me at it all day &
every day for a week; poor Ann
down all the time & putting her-
self back as I believe by copying
it for Sydney. I just got it off
in time to get a little readied
up for the Annual Meeting. I
was able to mend the most pro-
nounced holes. I got through part
of my work the first two days

I had some enjoy were in the
meetings; then whether it was
putting on my black silk gown
to dine with two friend & friends
of Misses Slaughtons to whom Mary
gave a dinner, (Miss Belauk & her
interpreter) or whether it was the
heated Melodrom & then going
snowed out on a very cold
night, but the truth was I
was seized with sudden chills on
Friday morning, took sight to
my bed & had every prospect
of a fever. My pulse was at 125
& I could not sleep a wink. You
may imagine I was pretty much
annoyed at the idea of being
sick at C. Place as you may sup-
pose. I was not in the least ner-
vous or fainting but in a suffering
state. I suppose now that it was
almost a particular occasion & a
violent cold intervened for I had
no throat but head a bit sore throat
& this terrible warmth. In the
night, my nurse fled & that
seemed to help me. I rose about
11, looking as if I had been through

the wars and managed to appear
smart enough to go to my month.
I may prize every thing proper
& indeed did every thing that
could be done. I went the night
before, hoping to be able to go sent
out word by Maria Caring that
Henry was to be at the Station
with a chaise. He had gone out
the first day of the meeting to
take care of Lucia. I was yet
home, did not have much of a
night, but the next day was
better, & have been growing better
ever since tho I have not yet
been out. I am now just begin-
ning to write my letters for the
Box. In the midst of all my
scuffle of writing the B. G. I had
to go in town to get off Mrs. Storer's
statuette. You saw her case, in
the Liberator, copied from the Com-
monwealth. I was filled with
indignation & contempt at the
night of it, nor believe she did
not answer the police summons
letter that I sent her with the
statuette, accompanied by a Bell

for that I could in a measure
have compensated to her ignorance
of worldly breeding, but because
she, in the case, ignored the
Abolitionists all together. When I
got in town I found the Abolition-
ists in such a rage that I had
to apply myself to quieting them.
By the Abolitionists I mean the
A. S. Office. I told them that
she certainly seemed as honest to be
it be known who the donors might
be, but nothing could be worse
than any unpleasant feeling
excited about a gift. So I shush
them. Last night I got a letter
from May, in which he seemed
quite delighted. Mr Beecher
Stowe as he called him, had
been to the office, bringing a
nice bundle for Mr Chapman and
that he wished them to forward.
It was a Daguerreotype of herself
and a preface for the French
edition of her book for Madame
Gellor. Mr S. told them this so
as it was merely done up in a
paper, they (May, Garrison &
Wallcut) opened it & finally clear

the ^{Feb 7 1853} unsealed letter. This I thought
well. May after words showed it
to Mary Chapman & Newey & gave
all their accounts, for all parties
write to me to write that the
letter began "Dear friend" & ended
Yrs affectionately & said she
was coming over to Paris to see
her & that she was going away about
the 20th of March. My opinion is
that Mr. P. as she frequently comes
to our office, is quite willing to
get all she can out of us, but
means to be very careful here
she mixes up herself with the
Old orgs. However of all this I
shall say absolutely nothing
except to very intimate friends; as
first it may not be so, tho' it
seems so, & secondly Mrs. Chap-
man cannot fail to make
her unque. At any rate, she
can't play much into the hands
of the 9 Misses, which is better
with Maria. — The Annual
Meeting were off very well. It
was not large at first but
grew so & there was very excellent
speaking by Pillsbury. Wendell

expect to see an office.

I the last evening Parker. old
Dr Beecher was there the two
last evenings. Wendell stood at
Mary's & the Fosters, P. L. George
& Jennie, the Crowns & others occasion
drank tea there. Mary & I looked
over the letter (the same paper which
she once tried to open with fear)
& I told her many things - but
cannot enter into these to you
writing. I only saw Gay on my
way to Weymouth when I was
almost too sick to speak. Of course
I could not go to the Board Meeting
or coming out much that I should
have liked to have done. We could
not ask him to go to Weymouth
as I rather thought I was going
home to be sick & Maria was in
her chamber. Yesterday I wrote
him a long letter, giving him
my news. Perhaps he may show
to you, tho' you need say nothing
about it, if he does. I was very
sorry not to have him at home
it was one of the wise. Maria
is slowly getting better but she
has a hard time of it. She
was down stairs & the older sister
more in her mind, has left her